

# The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 2.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Christmas, 1911

When it has been part of the day's work of a man each year, for a long while past, to write something about the spirit of Christmas for the issue of his paper preceding the great festival, he is apt to approach his task in a frame of mind out of keeping with the season.

He cannot help contrasting the high-flown language, that he has been accustomed to use in dwelling upon the meaning of the glad season, with all the merciless pursuit of low aims that goes on during the rest of the year. What is the use, he may argue, in talking so much about peace and good will for a day or so, and then going ahead for another twelve months and acting in total disregard of the message of the Angels' song?

Anyone who lives in the world of reality and lets his mind dwell on what he sees about him must moderate his optimism. The Christmas ideals that we profess have for very few emerged much beyond the stage of profession. But does it not help in bringing conduct more in keeping with the faith, to which we proclaim our adherence, to have the essentials of the latter borne in upon us each year as they are by the whole-hearted observance of Christmas?

There can be only one answer. Progress is slow, but it is none the less certain. "One increasing purpose," undoubtedly runs through the ages. The divine image in man may be blurred, but it never can be effaced.

The carol reproduced on this page must strike a responsive chord with most of us. "The still sad music of humanity" cannot have entered into the souls of any to such an extent that we are excluded from the joys that the world now stands on the threshold of. No one, whatever he may say to the contrary, can fail to be uplifted if only for a few short hours by them.

That in this new land of boundless hope the spirit of the season should be ours to an especial extent goes without saying and to its readers the Saturday News extends the old, old greeting with the certainty that the wish will be fully realized by them. To each and all, once again then, a Merry, Merry Christmas!

## Jasper's Note Book

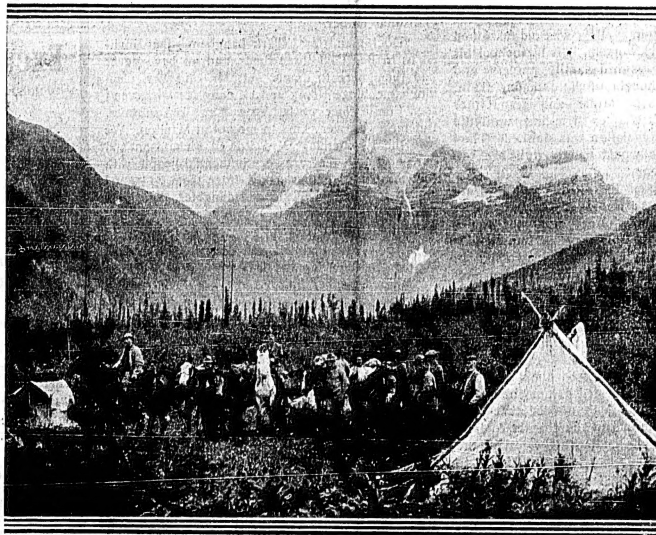
THERE are plenty of echoes of the McNamara case. A most astonishing revelation was made the other day in the Chicago Daily News by Lincoln Steffens, well-known to all readers of American magazines of the "uplift" class. He gives the story of the negotiations which led up to the sudden change of plea on the part of the prisoners. If it is correct, and there is no reason for believing otherwise, it means nothing less than that a complete breakdown of the judicial machinery occurred in connection with the case.

He tells of a talk which he had with Clarence Darrow, counsel for the accused and a man named Scripps, who was so strong a sympathizer of theirs that he was prepared to justify the use of dynamite in such a case as that of the Los Angeles Times.

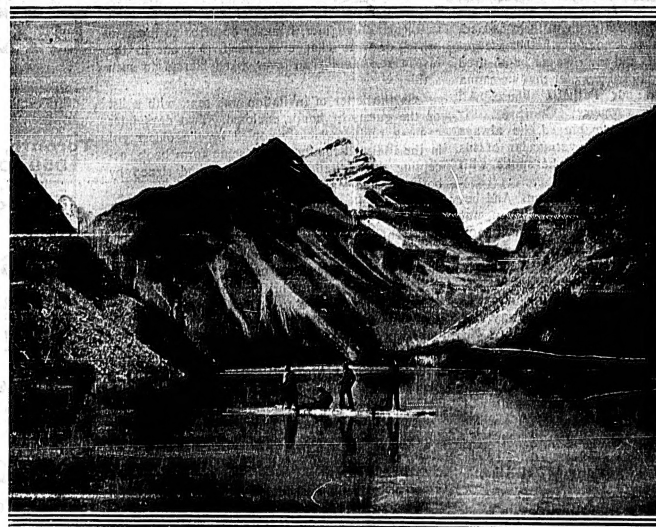
The three of them were of opinion that capital was not without its responsibility for the situation in California, and for the fact that men would use dynamite. Someone suggested the bright idea that if the McNamaras were to plead guilty and capital was to consent to a modification of the sentence on them, capital would thus be admitting a share of the culpability. The world would then realize that a "group of labor," to use the Steffens phrase, bled in dynamite, and that a group of capital admitted that it was not free from blame. Darrow admitted that the case against "Jim" McNamara was a "dead clinch."

It occurred to Mr. Steffens that labor would be willing to do its part if capital would meet it half way. So for the next few days he was busy interviewing prominent Los Angeles men, who had been active in the California labor war as opponents of unionism. He pointed out that in San Francisco the wounds still gaped that had been inflicted by the prosecution of the business criminals. He argued that in California the class lines were becoming rigid, and that it was highly desirable in the larger interests of society that labor and capital should not press the fight to the bitter end, but should come to some arrangement. He pointed out what a rare opportunity was offered to the foes of unionism in Los Angeles. "They could begin with an act of generosity toward two heroes of labor who

## Scenes in Jasper Park



A pack-train traversing the great natural playground at the Yellowhead, which is to be opened up next year. Mount Robson shows in the distance.



Lake Helena, with White Horn Mountain in background.

## A New Carol

By Arthur L. Salmon

IT MAY BE THAT OUR HEARTS ARE COLD  
TO WHAT WE CANNOT SEE OR TOUCH;  
WE SELL OUR DAYS FOR THINGS OF GOLD,  
TO GAIN A LITTLE, LOSING MUCH.  
OUR FAITHS ARE JADED AND OUTWORN—  
THERE WAS A BABE IN BETHLEHEM BORN.

WE JOURNEY FAR WITH RESTLESS FEET  
TO SEARCH FOR WHAT ABIDES AT HOME;  
O'er TRACKLESS BARREN SEAS WE BEAT,  
ON WEARIED STUBBLE PLAINS WE ROAM.  
THERE WAS A STAR THAT LED THE WAY  
TO WHERE THE WATCHING MOTHER LAY.

WE CARE NO MORE FOR CHILD-LIKE THINGS,  
THE FAIRY-TALES OUR MOTHERS TOLD;  
WE DEEM THEIR FOND IMAGININGS  
OF FAITH ARE IMPOTENT AND OLD.  
WE SMILE AT THEM WITH TOLERANT SCORN;  
THERE WAS A BABE IN BETHLEHEM BORN.

O HEARTS THAT LONG AND THIRST AND  
ACHE  
WITH EMPTY GLITTER, POMP AND SHOW  
DEEP DOWN BENEATH YOUR CARES THAT  
WAKE  
YOUR FAITH IS BETTER THAN YOU KNOW,  
NOT ALL IN VAIN THIS GRACIOUS MORN,  
THERE WAS A BABE IN BETHLEHEM BORN.

were in trouble, with all men looking on and watching."

Gradually Mr. Steffens won men to his amazing point of view, and so was able to go to Darrow with the good news. Mr. Compers was telegraphed to that he might appoint a representative of the American Federation of Labor to attend a conference. He sent Edward N. Nockels, secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who didn't like the arrangement at first, but eventually consented. The prosecuting attorney was convinced. The first proposition upon which all had agreed was that James B. McNamara would plead guilty, and that everyone else connected with the case should escape. Later on, however, as opposition to the compromise began to develop it was found necessary to include John Judge Bordwell was interviewed by the prosecuting attorney. He at first flatly refused to have anything to do with the business, and astonished everyone by saying that his plain duty was to administer the law.

However, he too, was soon brought around and the settlement was reached. It will be remembered that on the day when the prisoners pleaded guilty, the despatches told just what the sentences that would be meted out to them would be. This was something like a week before they were brought before the judge for this purpose.

There was no thought of abstract justice. The need of expiating the crime that had sent twenty-one men to their death was not discussed. The state stood aside, as it indeed had from the first for the most part, as the case was worked up not by employees of the public but by the private detective agency directed by William J. Burns.

It was a truce between two powerful armies, those of labor and capital.

Mr. Steffens thinks that the compromise will have a good effect. It may, but in only one way. It should result in arousing public opinion to the necessity of asserting the supremacy of the law. Unless this is done, anarchy must eventually result.

EVIDENTLY the same man names the new towns for the railways as christens the Pullman cars on eastern lines. Here is an assertion that the G.T.P. recently announced:

Keystown, Archyval, Forgray, Rowletta, Linstrom, Eskbank, Darmedy, Beloit, Steelman, and Doborah.

Why not give the poor young things a chance?

EVERYTHING is in shape for bringing the amalgamation of Edmonton and Strathcona into effect early in the year. The bill threatened to be delayed on account of objections that were raised before the Legislature by some of the people at present outside the boundaries of the two cities and whose property it was intended to include in the new municipality. Rather than have any delay, it has been decided to let this part of the amalgamation committee's plans lay over for the meanwhile, nothing but Edmonton and Strathcona being taken in.

The objectors were well within their rights, but few have any doubt that satisfactory terms can be come to with them at an early date. The wisdom of having the city cover a sufficiently large area to avoid having small communities spring up just outside its limits cannot be questioned.

THE securing of options on two lots on Elizabeth street facing the city hall site for the purposes of a central police station should be followed up by the acquiring of other property on the streets about the square. When the city hall is built, this property will increase very largely in value. It is only right that the city should obtain the benefit of this, which results directly from its own expenditure. It can be redispensed under such restrictions as will enhance the appearance of the square. As a site for public and semi-public buildings it could not be improved upon.

CHIEF LANCEY is entitled to the best thanks of the great mass of citizens for the energetic measures which he is adopting to rid the city of the automobile speeding nuisance. The evil was such that no half-way policy would suffice.

A YOUNG Scotchman attempted to stop a runaway team in Winnipeg the other day and was so injured in doing so that death resulted a few hours later. He leaves a wife and family who were wholly dependent upon him. What should a man do when he sees horses in mad career coming towards him down the street? We not infrequently see some one step out and imperil his life by stopping them and then slip around the

(Continued on Page Nine.)

## 15 YEARS A DYSPEPTIC

Forced to Live on Stale Bread and Porridge.

### "FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM

AVONDALE, N. B., October, 19th. "I have been a great sufferer from indigestion for fifteen years. I was forced to deny myself all such hearty foods as beans, meats, potatoes and could not drink tea or coffee. For the past two years, I lived on porridge, stale bread, etc. I had treatment from two doctors, and tried nearly every kind of medicine, but got worse. Finally I saw a testimonial of 'Fruit-a-tives' and concluded to give them a trial. I took nearly four boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives' and they have made me feel like a new man. I can eat all kinds of hearty foods without suffering, and am no longer constipated."

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This week your attention is called to two or three beautiful antique china cabinets, some fine old English hall tables (both in walnut and mahogany); to a display of old Turkish pottery, including rose-jars, water bottles, ash trays and tobacco jars; to two Jacobean hall chairs in old walnut, with high backs and cane seats; a gate-legged table, also in old walnut, as well as a fine display of china, Sheffield plate and other Antique Furniture.

Whalebone has been suggested as the best material for golf-balls, but nothing has as yet come of the idea.

## Guests of Honor

By Charles M. Sheldon

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee."

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Andrew McPherson, manager of the Union collieries in Blackstone Valley, was old-fashioned enough to have family worship. His father and his grandfather had always had family prayers, and Andrew had never thought of discontinuing them. He read the Bible as his father and grandfather had always read it, a chapter at a time, until the last chapter of the Revelation was finished. Then the next morning he would calmly turn back to Genesis and begin again.

His family accepted the custom as they accepted the day's work; that is, with cheerfulness and equanimity. Loved and respected and sometimes feared, Andrew was lord of the household.

The family was seated for family worship in their usual circle in the sitting-room—Mrs. McPherson on Andrew's right, then Mildred, Jean, Robert, and the youngest, Scott, four years old, close at his father's left. The Bible reading had reached the fourteenth chapter of Luke.

As Andrew McPherson finished reading that remarkable injunction of Jesus about inviting guests to dinner, his eyes rested a moment on his wife's face. Mildred and Jean noticed that their mother flushed. At the end of the chapter Andrew laid the Bible on a table, and with the rest of the household, including the two servants, knelt to offer the morning prayer.

He prayed with more than his usualunction: "O Lord, make us to feel summat exercised o'er the needs of a' common humanity. Grant that we may ken the needs and woes o' the mitherless bairns an' hameless bodies; the feckless creatures that ha' ne'er been invited out to dine wi' onybody except their ain sels; and make us apprehensive o' all the gracious hospitalities Thou hast visited upon us at the beneficent hands o' our mony friends, mony of whom ha' ne'er missed what we took for them, because they had mair than they needed. Help us to do honest work today, whether we get full wages for it or not; and may we na be so tired or so weary when the day's toll is o'er that we canna find the way hame to our Father's house. All through Christ our Lord. Amen."

When Andrew McPherson prayed, he always expressed his thought in the vernacular of his mother country. At other times he spoke with hardly a trace of Scottish accent.

He rose from his knees and sat down. And beginning with Mildred, each one of the children, not excepting Robert, who was just out of high school, came up and kissed his ruddy cheek. This was an other family custom as ancient as family prayers, and accepted in the same unquestioning spirit.

Andrew took down his coat, for the day was sharp; Christmas was only two weeks away. At the door he turned and said to his wife:

"Elsie, of course I don't want to insist, for it's your party and Mildred's more than it is mine, but I do wish you would write to Jim. For auld lang syne, you know. Jim's had hard luck, what with all the sickness and that fire. He and Maggie would appreciate it."

Mrs. McPherson looked vexed. "But, Andrew, they would not feel—they— it would not be—"

"I know Jim isn't much on frills, but he's full as good as any of the other guests. And besides, he can't invite us to anything, now that he's lost his home."

Mrs. McPherson said: "I'll ask him and Maggie." "That's a good lass," said Andrew, his face brightening up. "I've got a fine eighteen-pound turkey promised by Bailey from the Hill Farm. Don't look for me until night."

He kissed his wife and went out. At the turn of the driveway he waved his hand. His wife, standing at the window, answered his farewell, and remained looking down into the smoky valley until Mildred spoke to her.

"Mother, why does father insist on having the Blaisdells for Christmas?"

"I don't think he insists. Jim and Maggie are very old acquaintances, or at least they asse to be, and your father—"

"I wish he wouldn't ask you to invite them. It will spoil the whole dinner. They won't fit in with any one else. Do you have to ask them?"

"You heard me promise your father I would."

"It's a shame!" The girl pouted. "It will spoil everything if they come."

"Maybe they will refuse."

"It's to be hoped they will have sense enough

to do so. Mother, send them the list, and tell them these are our guests of honor. There is some special reason for inviting them, but none that I know of, except father's sentiment, for asking the Blaisdells."

Mrs. McPherson went to a writing-desk in the library and drew out a slip of paper. Mildred followed her, and looking over her mother's shoulder, read the names of the guests to be invited to the Christmas dinner.

"Doctor and Mrs. Clark Langham—they invited us to Red Cliff three times, and we have never had them here to dinner yet; Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham; Judge Henry and his daughter—I haven't seen Louise since we left Bryn Mawr last summer. But they were very kind to me out at Manitou. We owe them something; Mrs. Powell Richardson and her two sons—they are very influential people with the company. Father asked for them. Colonel and Mrs. Hannibal Swain and daughter. We must have them, mother. They entertained me so delightfully at Palm Beach."

"And—Jim Blaisdell and Maggie," said Mrs. McPherson, finishing the list. Mildred bit her lip.

"Mother, you know they will spoil everything. They—they can't talk grammatically, and they are not our kind at all. I can't see why they should be asked."

Mrs. McPherson sat silent, while in memory she went back twenty years, to the time when her husband and Jim Blaisdell were working in the mine and were chums. Was it not more than a dim memory that she and Andrew cherished of Jim Blaisdell when he risked his life with his friend to rescue two hundred miners shut down in a pocket and cut off by a mountain of debris?

Jim Blaisdell was still a gang foreman. Andrew, company manager in the Blackstone holding, had built a fine house on the slope of Ragged Run Mountain, and named it "Hill Crest." Andrew had clung to Jim all these years because he was loyal, and because he was Scotch. But Mrs. McPherson wished that he had not chosen this particular way to show his friendship.

In spite of the feeling on the part of both mother and daughter, it never occurred to them to ask Andrew to change his mind. No one in the McPherson family had ever asked him to do such a thing.

So the letter of invitation was sent, with a list of the guests of honor enclosed. Two days later came a reply, evidently copied by the oldest girl in the Blaisdell family out of some form book, accepting the invitation with thanks, and signed by both Jim and Maggie.

Mrs. McPherson accepted the situation with a good deal of calmness. Preparations for the dinner went on during the week of Christmas; the arrival of the eighteen-pound turkey was almost an event. A professional caterer from Blackstone came to the house on Christmas eve to aid the two servants. There were to be fourteen guests in all and seats at table for twenty, counting Scott.

Hill Crest was built on the extreme end of the long shoulder of Ragged Run Mountain. It was approached by a winding driveway. A magnificent elm stood directly in front of the house, and threw its branches out over the wide veranda.

Stretching on down by the river and far off through the soot and smoke and palpitating heat from great chimneys, lay the mining camps and the mine company's shafts. The camps formed a crescent round the shoulder on which Hill Crest was poised; hundreds of miners, going and coming, passed daily round the foot of the hill, and to save time took, not infrequently, a short cut by an old trail over the mountain that came close by the edge of Andrew's property and within a short stone's throw of Hill Crest itself.

On Christmas eve there was a foot of snow on the ground, but the air was mild, and the storm appeared to be over.

In the night, however, Andrew awoke suddenly with a feeling that some great and unusual thing either was happening or was going to happen. The air in the room had in it the chill that you feel on opening the door of a warm house and stepping suddenly out into zero weather. The house was rocking as if in the fist of a giant. The electric chandelier, which hung from the middle of the ceiling, was quivering.

Andrew sprang up, switched on a light, and called out. Soon the family had gathered in consternation. They realized that a terrific tempest was sweeping over the mountain and lashing the branches of the big elm against the windows. A great limb, torn from the tree, shattered the glass, flung the fragments across the room, and knocked Andrew off his feet.

He was up again in an instant, and set about preventing further damage. Blankets torn from the beds were stretched across the gaping hole, and



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#### Campbell & Ottewill

held there, while Robert ran for a hammer and nails. Andrew drove the nails through the blankets into the window-casing, and then wheeled the end of a heavy dressing-table against them. As he finished, the electric light went out. As he finished, the electric light went out. Scott began to cry. "Get the candles off the tree!" called out Andrew, calmly.

Robert crept up-stairs and got a dozen candles, and lighted half of them. The wind seemed to increase. The big clock down in the hall struck three.

"It's an awful storm," said Andrew, in a quiet but sober voice. "Pray God for any poor creatures caught out in it!"

He had just uttered the words when a thundering crash was heard above on the roof.

"There goes the big chimney!" cried Robert.

They could hear the bricks falling down over the eaves. Robert ran to the attic stairs. When he opened the door, a stream of cold air swept down on him. He ran up, and soon came back with a pale face to report that a hole had been broken through the roof by the great capstone of the chimney. A corner of the stone, however, had stuck in the ragged rent and stopped it partly up. Fortunately, enough of the chimney had been left above the roof to prevent danger of fire from the furnace.

Andrew satisfied himself that he could do no more to protect the windows; then, with his wife and children, he went down-stairs. The furnace was replenished, and a fire built in the grate. The few candles, stuck round the sitting-room, seemed to intensify the gloom. The faces of all the family were strained and awed. The two servant and the caterer came in terrified, and were welcomed almost as if they were old friends. The blast of the wind was incessant; the morning dawned dark and somber.

Fine particles of ice swept in clouds against the house. One of the children rubbed the thick frost from a window-pane, but not an object could be seen without; nothing, that is, but the icy dust carried by the rushing, roaring wind.

They were all so excited that there was no thought of the morning meal until Scott began to cry for something to eat. The servants withdrew to the kitchen, and some kind of breakfast was served, while Andrew, with quiet courage, rallied all the members of the family about the table. And then, impelled both by custom and by the impending danger, Andrew, with Scott in his arms, took the Bible from its usual place, read the morning chapter, and then, with the boy cuddled close to him, knelt to offer his usual morning prayer.

He had not spoken a dozen words when a heavy object fell against the front door. Andrew got up; his wife and the children started in terror. He strode over to the door, and unlocked it. The minute he turned the latch, the door burst in, forced by a fury of the wind and by a man who lurched forward, stumbled a step or two, and then fell headlong on the floor.

Andrew jammed the door shut, using all his strength to push it to, and then stooped down, and exclaimed:

"Jim! Jim Blaisdell!"

Jim staggered to his knees, fearful sight, black with coal-dust frozen to his face and hands, his clothing as stiff as iron about him, his whole figure inert. Andrew dragged him over in front of the fire.

He lay there, the black rime, as it melted, running off him in streams on the great Kermanshug.

"He's badly frozen!" exclaimed Mrs. McPherson, after they had worked over him, and rubbed snow on his hands and face from a little pile that had drifted in under the door.

"No, I don't think so," Jim said, speaking thickly. Andrew had started to take Blaisdell's boots off, but with tremendous effort, the man staggered to his feet.

"I was out of breath. But my gang is out here somewhere. I struck the house by accident. I must go out and find them!"

Pushing Jim into a chair, Andrew rushed for his coat and hat.

"I'll go out and find them!"

Mrs. McPherson came in front of him. "O Andrew, it is death! You cannot risk—"

Jim staggered to his feet. "I'm going," he said, and there was the same look in his eyes that Andrew had noticed twenty years before, when they volunteered together to go down into the burning mine.

Jim wiped the melting streams from his eyes and face, and started for the door.

"Got a rope?" he asked. No use to run needless risk. We can tie it to the door, and hold to it as far as it goes, before we—"

Robert hurried from the room, and was back in a moment with a ball of heavy twine. There was a quantity in the house to be used for Christmas bundles.

"It's not any too stout," said Jim, "but it's better than nothing."

He pulled the door open. Andrew followed him without a word, and closed the door. Jim fastened the cord to the door-knob, and the two men disappeared into the storm.

Mrs. McPherson said afterward that the period that followed was the most trying that she had ever

known. Although, in reality, Andrew and Jim were gone less than ten minutes to the family, waiting in terror, the time seemed like hours.

Outside there was a sound of the heavy stumbling of many feet. Robert flung open the door. The whole storm seemed to burst into the room; a great blast of ice-dust swept in. And then, pushed, dragged and driven into the room, came the miners, with their faces masses of ice, and their clothing frozen about them in black and white lumps. Some of them fell on the floor as they entered. Others staggered to the fire. One, a negro of immense size, catching his foot in the fold of the rug, went down with a heavy crash against a chair, and broke it as he fell.

The next half-hour in Andrew McPherson's house was filled with excitement. For a moment Robert, losing his head, rushed to the telephone to call a doctor. The telephone-poles and wires had gone down hours before, when the electric lights went out. Mildred, her mother and Jean, the servants and the caterer all found their hands full in the task of restoring life to these men, who had, to use Andrew's sober language, providentially been found huddled together only two hundred feet away. They had been too bewildered and too nearly suffocated to find their way unaided to the house and safety.

"We were working in the new air-shaft last night," Jim explained, but the pumps broke, and we couldn't leave till this morning. When we left the dry-house we were in a hurry to get home. Some of us didn't wait to change. We never knew how bad the storm was till we got right out into it. Then it was too late to go back. We struck the old trail, and kept it for a while. Then I got off and lost the rest, and never knew a thing till I hit the porch. It's a miracle we're all here."

At the end of two hours Andrew and his wife found that the worst that would befall any of the men was the crippling of hands or feet through frost-bite.

On Mrs. McPherson's rug stood puddles of black water. Chai, sofas, tables were piled high with miscellaneous clothing. The sitting-room and dining-room presented the appearance of a mission old-clothes station. Nevertheless, Andrew's wife went about her work for her unexpected Christmas guests with a song in her heart. Was not Andrew alive, and with her? What else mattered, this bewildering Christmas day?

Before noon most of the miners were resting easily. And it was then that Andrew said quietly to his wife:

"Don't you think we had better have dinner? Our guests all seem to have arrived."

Just for a moment Mrs. McPherson looked startled. Then she put out her hand and touched Andrew's.

"These are our guests of honor," she said.

"Yes," said Andrew, laughing a little. "Jim's the only one with a written invitation, and he came early. But it would be too bad to let that eighteen pound turkey be postponed until the Hon. Mrs. Powell Richardson and her two sons get here."

Mrs. McPherson went into the kitchen at once. Mildred set the table. Robert and Jean stripped the Christmas tree of its remaining candles to light the dining-room. They would burn up fast, and there were no more in the house. There would hardly be light enough to last through the meal. By two o'clock there sat round the McPherson table the most astonishing circle of guests that they had ever entertained.

Andrew looked at the faces with mingled emotions. A great compassion for these men suddenly surged into his heart. He had been seeing these hard toilers all his life, but he had never actually loved them before.

"Jim," he said, "we haven't been introduced to our guests. Would you mind giving us their names? Don't stop eating, boys. Let me help you again."

Jim waited until the meal was in full swing.

"This is my night gang," he said. "I believe I know their names. That big Swede next to you is Svend Larsen. Next to him, Antonio Grallani. He's a son of Italy—does not speak English. Next is Demetrius Chiolos. He's a Greek. Next is Reuben Volanski. He's a Russian Jew. He can talk in six languages. The one by Miss Mildred is Lars Kanode. I don't know his nationality. Then comes Polenius Danallov. He's a Bulgarian. The next man is Garibaldi Fracassi. He says his people are nobles in Rome. Maybe. The little man next to Mrs. McPherson, on this side, I don't know. I call him Fang. I think he's a Hun. And his next-door neighbor this way is Borg. He's a Finn. The negro's name is Abe, and the one at your left is Salvador Joseph. He's an Austrian, just over. And that completes the bunch, Mr. McPherson."

"Andrew," said Andrew, gently.

"Andrew," said Jim, with a short laugh.

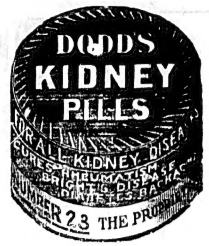
"I wish Maggie was here with you," said Mrs. McPherson, beaming on Jim through the flickering candle-light.

"I wish so, too," said Jim. "It was good of you to invite us. And Maggie would have come all right if the walking had been good."

Jim, who spoke with a tear on his cheek, did not notice the deep blush on Mrs. McPherson's.

Before the candles finally went out, the children

(Continued on Page Six.)



#### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

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In the Brit's Navy the offence  
of "masquerading in female attire"  
is not now punishable by death.



## CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is not a day or a season, but a condition of heart and mind.

If we love our neighbors as ourselves; if in our riches we are poor in spirit and in our poverty we are rich in grace; if our charity vaunteth not itself, but suffereth long and is kind; if when our brother asks a loaf we give ourselves instead; if each day gives us opportunity and sets in achievement, however small; then every day is Christ's day and Christmas is always near.—James Wallingford.

I never feel quite so poor as I do at Christmas. I never want to do so many things, to remember so many people. Yet of a hundred persons I think of, perhaps two of them receive any tangible reminder that they are very much in my mind and heart at that time.

This is one of the tragedies of life.

If one only could send a wireless message; if the Christmas bells as they ring out the world-old message, could ring out too, all the individual loving thoughts that are most undoubtedly thought on such a night; could carry half the forgiveness that the commemoration of the birth of the Christ-child brings about; all the sympathy, all the good-will, what a day of joy they would ring in! What lonely hearts would take fresh courage! How much sweeter and better life would look to all of us.

But Christmas bells, however cheerily they jangle, can not speak the message that you and I have left unspeakable. They may suggest to distant friends—I pray they do—that that night, if on no other, they are held in loving memory. But that is all. The personal message must come from ourselves.

And it is because this year I am more poverty-stricken than ever—poverty-stricken for time—that I am writing this article just to say Merry Christmas to everybody. Merry, Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas to everyone I know and love in a dear home town, way down in Ontario.

Merry Christmas to a godly man I have a right to remember, way off in Montreal.

A Merry one to the man and his wife who sent us greetings from a little flat in the same lively town.

Merry Christmas—but it won't be that—to a lonely man who with myself will be thinking of someone who will never share another Christmas with us. No box to pack this year for her—just tears and vain regrets—and undying remembrance of her passionate, loving heart.

Peace and love to an old and very dear friend, who writes me that she will be all alone this year—"not even a cat or a dog about the house."

No, dearest Mary, but hundreds of "wireless" from us, and others like us, who have cause to remember your goodness. Greetings to all the blood kindred—scattered, but drawn about the common hearth that love creates, at this most precious time. Good-will to everyone who has ever done me or mine, a kindly deed, and to those others who have wished us ill—peace.

No Scrooge had ever a kinder or "more tender" feeling to any Rob or Tiny Tim than I have to the whole world tonight.

A Merry Christmas—God bless us all.

She was obviously puzzled—and looked it. "Now what can that be for?" she asked the clerk of the notion store, as they surveyed an object exposed to view on the counter.

"That Madam," said he, "is intended for a Christmas present."

"Why of course," she exclaimed, "how stupid I am!"

The boy and I have been doing the stores when we could snatch a moment during the last week. A score of times we nearly asked the same "stupid" question. For we have seen things fearfully and wonderfully made and rigged out in hot and impossible colors, and we have examined pipes that no "human" man we feel sure would ever smoke, and studied "lies" that might do for a race-track tout, but never for the quiet men we wanted them for. And we have "looked at" gold cigar-cutters and great heavy silver "mouth-piece," and spent hours over other "suitable suggestions" that now we know—stupid us—were all of course only intended for "Christmas Presents."

Of course we should have known. Because most everyone has received at one time or another, "Christmas Presents."

I have some of mine yet, treasured for their dear, dear donors' sake.

I have given some myself—more shame to me. Now I try to give my friend a reminder that he or she suggests.

I can tell just "Christmas Presents" a mile away. They are like the awful moustache cups, of terrible memory, that in my childhood I remember to have seen bearing on their face in big gold letters. "A Present." They looked the part.

You could see the purchasers, in your mind's eye, wandering into the shop and saying "I want to buy a present." And hear the brisk clerk's answer, pat on the instant, "I have the very thing for you."

You smile, yet haven't you gone hunting for "Christmas Presents" yourself this year? Haven't I laid away, among my keepsakes along with a little card-board needle-book I worked for her, a fearful handkerchief I bought for my dainty little mother, ten, twenty,—oh how many years ago—with "A Happy New Year" embroidered in vivid reds and blues.

It came back to me within the year, all wrapped in the tissue-paper as she had laid it by, needle-case and handkerchief, and a card "With love to my dear, dear Mother," scrawled in childish hand.

Was "the present" smiled over those many years ago? Surely, surely.

And yet because of the love of the little child who gave them, do you never imagine they have been kissed and by mother's tears made beautiful?

These—these tributes, so ugly yet given with such priceless affection, are they not the real Christmas gifts?

Not diamonds, not things of priceless value, not weird gifts of no beauty or significance. No, "just presents" are worth the purchase—but a card on which are the magic words "love, peace, good-will." Many years on, believe me, they remain, and no clerk has to explain their significance.

Among the few small gifts I got to send away this year are a calendar and a little card.

I like to read over the verses I send to my friends, and looking over the calendar I came across this, Dinah Muloch wrote it. "Oh the comfort—the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thought nor measure words, and pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away."

I am not more of a cynic than my day-in and day-out knowledge of the world has made me—but with what a heart, if it were possible, could I not cry out: "Oh the comfort, the inexpressible comfort" of such a person—such a friend! "And with the breath of kindness blow the chaff away!"

"I have known one or two do that—one or two. The rest blow it to the very persons among whom it will do the most harm.

Yes, Dinah Muloch, the comfort—but oh the rarity!"

The card bears this message:

"My Gift To You."

I am not rich, but I may send  
This blessed gift to you, my friend;  
The glory of the bending sky,  
The gleaming of the stars on high,  
The song of birds and hum of bees,  
The music of the singing breeze,  
And laughter lurking on the lips,  
In this the best of comradeships.

You may have the same gift—could I offer you a better?

A LONGING FOR FAME.

(By Annie Pike Greenwood.)

"T ain't that I want the money,  
Or fame when I am dead,  
But because I git so tired  
Of jest composin' bread

I'd like the folks in Plainsville  
To read some magazine,  
And see it writ in printin',  
A Pome, by Sarah Green.

Yes, I kin cook, but, Landy!

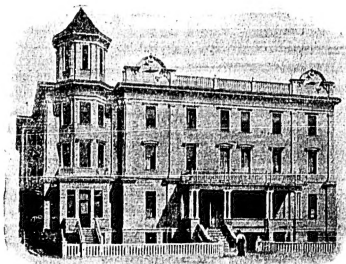
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DAVID ELSTON,  
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A body has to cook;  
That's jest the very reason  
I'd like to write a book.

But some is born to writin',  
And some to cook unseen:

I guess I better hustle  
A Pie, by Sarah Green.

*Peggy*

PROOF FOR WOMEN  
WHO STILL SUFFER

That They Can Find Relief In  
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Pains in the Back, Side and in  
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Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

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"I was always tired. Sometimes when I sat down I could hardly get up out of the chair. But thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills, my pain is all gone and my back is well. I have proven for myself that Dodd's Kidney Pills are good." Female trouble is nearly always caused by diseased kidneys. The position of the female organs and the kidneys show how one is dependent on the other. That's why weak women find new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure diseased kidneys.

Among the passengers of the Prinz Joachim, on the rocks off Samana Island, is Mr. W. J. Bryan, who isn't exactly a mascot.—Chicago Tribune.

The London sparrow will not, as a rule, attack a man unless provoked.

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Among the Christmas books should be "Ele-  
mentary Hints on Love-Making," by I. S. Cowan,  
police magistrate of Edmonton. "You cannot  
hope," he told a young fellow who came before  
him last week, "to win a young woman's heart at  
the point of the revolver." Is it safe, though, to  
lay down a general rule as positively as this? Did  
not William the Conqueror win the admiration of  
his lady love by dragging her around the room by  
her hair. She adored masterful men and it was  
only after this feat that she consented to marry him.  
And how about all the homes we have heard about  
whose happiness is preserved by the husband's giv-  
ing his wife a good spanking every Saturday night?  
The P.M.'s ideas may be all right but they are sub-  
ject to argument.

A Tory friend of mine was reading the West-  
ern Telegram the other day when he came across  
the heading: "One person in each 367 in Ontario  
is crazy."

"Why," he said, "I thought the Gril vole there  
was heavier than that."

Larry could not get on very well with his peo-  
ple at home, so he enlisted, and, after a time, went  
to India.

After some years he returned to his native vil-  
lage. How surprised the old folks would be! He  
walked along the village street in his smart-looking  
uniform, his heart beating fast as he neared the old  
home. Opening the gate, he stepped up on a gravel  
path. Just then a ferocious dog rushed out and  
grabbed the soldier's leg. Shaking the dog off, he  
speedily regained the road, and was standing on the  
other side of the fence when his old father came  
out.

"Ah! my son," said the old man, "like the pro-  
digal, you have returned."

"Yes," growled the soldier, "but it's your con-  
founded dog that's enjoyed the fatted calf."

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one  
woman.

"Yes," answered the other; "liberal, but not al-  
ways practical. For instance, he wanted to send  
alarm clocks to Africa to aid the sufferers from the  
sleeping sickness."

The young woman had spent a busy day. She  
had browbeaten fourteen sales-people, bullyragged  
a shopwalker, argued victoriously with a milliner,  
laid down the law to a modiste, nipped in the bud  
a taxi chauffeur's attempt to overcharge her, made  
a street car conductor stop the car in the middle  
of a non-stop run for her, discharged her maid and  
engaged another, and otherwise refused to allow  
herself to be imposed upon. Yet she did not smile  
that evening when a young man begged:

"Let me be your protector through life!"

He was a go-ahead man, was Slickman, prop-  
rietor of Slickman's Stores, and he wanted to in-  
spire his clerks with the same ideas.

Wherefore he bought a number of big signs  
which read "Do it now!" and had them hung  
round each department.

A month or two later a friend inquired how  
the plan had worked.

"Well, it worked all right," Slickman answered  
dolefully, "but—not quite the way I expected."

"How's that?" queried the friend. "Tell me  
what actually happened."

"At the end of the first week," Slickman said  
sorrowfully, "the cashier cleared with three thou-  
sand pounds, second week the bookkeeper eloped  
with the private secretary, the clerk asked for  
an increase of salary, and the office boy took all  
the stamps and petty cash and ran away to sea!"

Little girl (crying): "Oh, I've lost sixpence that  
mamma sent me to the butcher's with Boo-hoo-  
Kindly Stranger: "Come! Take heart, little  
girl."

Little Girl: "I can't, sir, boo-hoo! It's liver she  
wants."

I felt under stern necessity of reviving my In-  
dian list for jokes when I read the last number of  
Canadian Collier's and found the following:

"A good story is going the rounds in Nova

Scotia, and just at present it is being applied to  
Ned McDonald and his opponent, Adam Bell, who  
between them made a pretty warm and interesting  
fight in Pictou County. Pictou is one of the  
counties in Nova Scotia where honey will catch  
more votes than will potatoes. The only form of  
bribery that goes there is a casual J. P. ship or  
so. Pictou is said to have a denser population of  
J. P.'s to the square mile than any other portion  
of the earth's surface. Not long ago Messrs. Mc-  
Donald and Bell were abroad feeling the elector-  
al pulse, and struck the same district, unknown to  
each other, at the same time. Mr. Bell drove up  
to a farmhouse where the owner was considered by  
both sides as hopeful, but needing encouragement  
and cultivation. The good woman was out in the  
yard, chopping wood. Mr. Bell jumped from his  
wagon with alacrity and gallantly proffered his ser-  
vice. He would not listen to the lady's protest that  
she could manage it all right herself, so she finally  
relinquished her ax with the somewhat disconcert-  
ing observation: "Well, well, have your own way;  
but I was only chopping a few sticks to get a cup  
of tea for Mr. McDonald; he's out in the barn,  
milking the cow!"

This story was originally told of Daniel Web-  
ster and Henry Clay, and has been ascribed, so far  
as the records show, to some two hundred and sev-  
enty-more politicians since their time.

Here is something to study out on Christmas  
Day:

Smith and his son are to marry sisters. Smith  
the younger will be his father's brother-in-law, and  
his wife will be her own sister's sister-in-law.

If Smith the elder has a son and Smith the  
Younger has a daughter, and these marry, then the  
daughter of Smith the younger will be her father's  
sister-in-law, and the son of Smith the elder will  
be the son-in-law of his brother. The son of the  
second marriage will have two grandfathers, Smith  
the elder and Smith the younger, so that old Smith  
will become his own son's brother.

American law and justice is a thing to wonder  
at. The story is told by a returned wanderer that  
once he attended a sitting of the police-court in a  
Western township. A prisoner was charged with  
picking pockets. He was found guilty, but as there  
was no more room in the jail at the moment the  
magistrate fined him ten dollars.

"But he's only got six dollars, y'r honor," a  
policeman pointed out.

"Well, then," replied the magistrate, tightly  
buttoning up his coat, "turn him loose in the crowd  
till he can raise the other four!"

"A very singular incident happened at the  
theatre last night."

"Yes? What was it?"

"A beautiful girl came in wearing a gorgeous  
gown."

"But what was singular about that?"

"Why, she came in fully fifteen minutes be-  
fore it was time for the show to begin."

Mrs. Carlton: "Do you think you dress me as  
a husband should dress his wife?"

Mr. Carlton: "Well, I should say so! Don't I  
button up your back about six thousand times a  
week?"

Tom: That fellow Randall is the most consist-  
ent Christian Scientist I ever saw.

Sam: How so?

Tom: Why, he has a job at nightwatch on an  
ocean liner just to give himself a chance to go  
around calling out, "All's well!"

There is a police magistrate, who is a natural  
peacemaker and always endeavors to smooth over  
any slight differences between the persons brought  
before him. Once, when the charge involved was  
not technical assault, it came out in the course of  
evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had  
formerly been on the best of terms. "This is too  
bad, too bad!" commented the judge. "And be-  
tween such old friends! Is this not a case that might  
be settled out of court?" "I'm sorry to say that it  
can't be done, your honor," remarked the plaintiff,  
seriously, "I thought of that myself, but the cow-  
ard won't fight."

An American whose business interests take him  
once a year to Russia tells of an interesting exam-  
ple of militarism in that country.

The American was on one occasion walking in  
the streets of Moscow, when his attention was at-  
tracted by a miniature riot, during which the swish-  
ing of a whip was not the least sound that came to  
his ears. Running across the street, he found that  
a stocky man in a blouse was flat on the ground  
stoutly resisting the efforts of two soldiers to set  
him on his feet. Also he became aware of the pres-  
ence beside him of an official in uniform who was  
watching the struggle—without excitement or in-  
terest, however.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in French.

A shrug of the shoulders of the official was  
most impressive. "Nothing in particular," said he.  
"Only a peasant turning volunteer."

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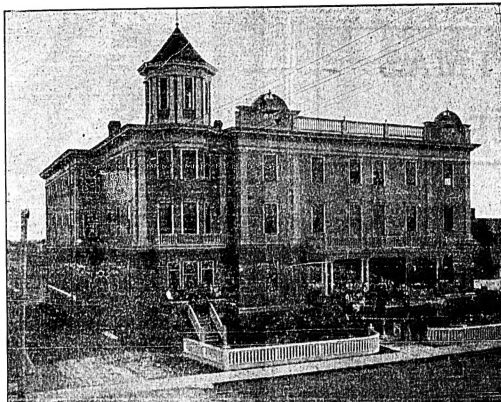
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### GUESTS OF HONOR.

(Continued from Page Three.)

brought the candy boxes into the dining-room. Baby Scott carried the largest box round, stopping at every chair, and holding up the candy. When he reached the man Jim called "Borg," the miner, after laying his hand on the boy's yellow hair and saying something in a strange tongue, flung his black head cloth on Mrs. McPherson's white damask tablecloth, among the silver, and sobbed. No one asked him any questions.

Soon afterward the fluterinf candles flickered out. Although it was then only a little after three o'clock, the darkness in the room was like that of a deep twilight. By five o'clock it was as dark as on a summer night, and the fury of the storm was increasing steadily. It was so terrific that even Jim's attempts to tell one or two miner's stories failed.

Sleeping-places were improvised in all the down stairs rooms. Up-stairs the house shook so that the children could not be persuaded to sleep there. In fact, none of the family slept much. The miners disposed themselves on the floor, where the firelight flung its beams over their black forms.

Toward morning the storm blew itself out. Andrew got up, threw more coal on the fire, and looked out through a thawed space on the frosted window. The elm, slashed and twisted, was visible, and as the air cleared of snow, the chimneys in the valley began to show dimly.

His wife came and stood beside him. She was pale and worn from the excitement and the loss of sleep.

"Thank God, Andrew, that you are spared to me!"

"And these," said Andrew, solemnly, after a pause.

They both turned and looked at the recumbent forms on the floor.

"These, our guests of honor," said his wife.

—Youth's Companion.

### THE JUDGE WAS HOT.

Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, once had before him a man charged with having killed another man with a sandbag. The evidence was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury accordingly, but a verdict of "Not guilty" was promptly brought in. The judge was astonished. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience the disgrace will rest. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of crime. Go! I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner: "You are discharged. Go and sandbag some of those jurymen, they deserve it."

The close relationship between Britain and France is being illustrated by the number of English plays now being produced in Paris.

Sir Herbert Tree has received a most flattering offer to appear in Paris about Christmas time. The suggestion is that he should take with him from London the entire production of "Henry VIII," and let Parisians see in what manner Shakespeare's works are presented at London's leading theatre. It would be impossible, of course, to include Arthur Boucher and his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, in the cast for anything like a run, as they are both under contract to appear in vaudeville at the Palace on December 18, remaining there for six or seven weeks, after which Boucher resumes the reins of management at the Garrick with a new play by Alfred Sutro named "The Fire Screen." But the two have volunteered to run over to Paris for a single Sunday night performance, if that would sufficiently meet Tree's object.

### BOY GANGS.

A very interesting study in boy gangs and boy leaders is contributed to the October McClure by Mr. J. Adams Puffer, who has been Principal of Industrial Schools and Probation Officer. He gives the boys' own accounts of their gangs, which are very interesting. He also gives the account of their teachers in the industrial schools to which these young criminals have been sent. His account on the whole is distinctly encouraging.

#### The Normal Boy as a Savage

This is his philosophy of the boy:—

The normal boy at the gang age—that is to say, between ten and sixteen—is a savage; he is passing through the stage in which his savage ancestors lived in the days of the mammoth. He likes to play at doing the things that they did perform. He admires their virtues and makes them his—their courage, loyalty, co-operation, their sense of dependence on one another. With these he has also the savage vices; but on the whole he is laying the broad foundation of the primitive savage virtues on which, in later adolescence, he will support the civilized ones. Possibly Nature might make a civilized adult without making first a young barbarian. For some reason, possibly for a good one, she does not. Her method is less to be criticized than studied.

#### The Gang Leader 'A Good Sort'

He quotes what the gang boys have to say about their leaders, and sums up:

Altogether it is a pleasing picture which these by no means model boys of the Massachusetts State Industrial school give of their leaders. One and all, almost without exception, they are strong of body, skilled at games, courageous and self-reliant, generous, kind-hearted, even-tempered, not given to unnecessary fighting, yet almost invariably the best fighters of their groups. Naturally, our reporters put little stress upon intellectual qualities, such being the way with boys; but dullards rarely come to the fore, while the successful leader usually possesses not only the courage and initiative to go ahead and do things, but also the imagination to plan them.

My more precise study, therefore, bears out fully the impression given by the boys' own reports. The gang leader is a special sort of boy, on the whole a decidedly good sort. The leader earns his place by virtue of his own inherent quality. The characteristics of the leader (physical vigour, mental capacity, reasoning power, strength of will, shrewdness, generosity, courage) are qualities strongly hereditary; so that, without question, the natural leader of men is in part born rather than made. At the same time, there is no one of these qualities which is not also the result of training.

Nat Goodwin was at the club with an English friend and became the centre of an appreciative group. A cigar man offered the comedian a cigar, saying that it was a new production. "With each cigar, you understand," the promoter said, "I will give a coupon, and when you have smoked three thousand of them you may bring the coupons to me and exchange them for a grand piano." Nat sniffed the cigar, pinched it gently, and then replied: "If I smoked three thousand of these cigars I think I would need a harp instead of a piano." There was a burst of laughter in which the Englishman did not join, but presently he exploded with merriment. "I see the point," he exclaimed. "Being an actor, you have to travel around the country a great deal and a harp would be so much more convenient to carry."

Mother: "Dorothy, you must be generous with your candy. Pass it around."  
Dorothy (to guest): "Take all you want. Take two."

### THE CASE OF MRS. MALDWIN DRUMMOND

Among the cases reported in London papers recently to hand is one of a rather curious character.

Frederick Casano, described as a well-known conductor—not a railway or a street car conductor, but the conductor of an orchestra which is highly esteemed by society—sued Mrs. Maldwin Drummond for damages, and got a verdict for five pounds, the lady's offence having been that she wrote a letter in which occurred these words: "Mrs. Drummond will not tolerate behavior of this kind at her ball, and she would be glad if you would inform Casano accordingly."

Mrs. Maldwin, it appears, would gladly have engaged the Casano orchestra for a ball she was planning, but she had heard a dreadful tale.

This musical person, she learned, had had the effrontery to ask a young woman at a ball to dance with him.

The young woman, being well bred, of course haughtily declined, but she came to Mrs. Drummond with the tale, and that hostess proceeded to deal with the matter firmly.

There should be no democratic nonsense at her ball.

So she wrote to the agent of the Casano person such a letter as one might write to the owner of an ill-trained dog that had done damage.

Curiously enough, the Casano person took it ill, and demanded an apology.

When no notice was taken of his ill-bred resentment he took it into court.

And then came the odd denouement.

He had never been guilty of the atrocity imputed to him; it was one of the guests who for a joke had called himself Casano in asking the young woman to dance, and she had failed to detect the imposture.

So Mrs. Drummond, having been misled so naturally, and all concerned should be happy once more.

Commenting on the case, the Boston Transcript says:

"The incident should interest the Connecticut valley because Mrs. Maldwin Drummond used to be Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., of Chicago. Marshall Field, Sr., 'Marsh' or 'Marti' for short, is not forgotten in Conway, where he milked the cows and hoed the potatoes and attended the district school what time the farm did not claim his services; nor yet in Pittsfield where at seventeen he began 'clerking' in a dry goods store. There were no silk cords in those days in New England salons, to separate spenders from earners, or the sheep from the goats, if the vulgar agricultural metaphor may be allowed. In London it is different; nowhere is there a stronger pressure of snobbery to the severe inch, which is why so many Americans like to go there when papa makes his ten-strike."

It is a safe bet that none of the active Chinese leaders are being pestered by life insurance solicitors.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram.

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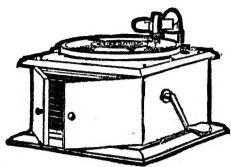


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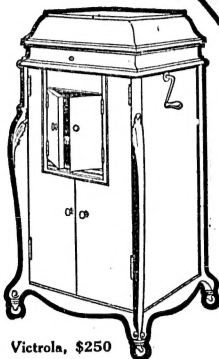


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### Monotony of Modern Dancing

The regularity of the annual announcement of new dances that are going to sweep the floor during a coming season is only exceeded by the regularity with which these same dances fail to reach the modern ball-room. Within the last decade or so, the death-rate of the older dances has increased out of all proportion to the birth-rate of the new, and against the mazurka, schottische, polka, numerous square and country dances the modern ball-room has only to set the barn-dance (or vulgarization of the pas de quatre), the romping anarchy of the Washington Post and cake-walks, and the degenerate form of the two-step-cum-waltz called the Boston. A glance down any average ball-programme reveals the name of two dances only—the waltz and the two-step, both of which really stand for the barging or sliding of the Boston—and even the lancers nowadays rarely gets outside kitchen or Court balls. And, simultaneously with the reduction ad absurdum of actual dancing, the experienced hostess will tell you that, whereas all the girls of her acquaintance "simply love dancing," the difficulty of procuring a sufficiency of young men either makes the giving of private dances almost an impossibility or compels the impressing of all male friends of friends of friends until it is a wise hostess who recognizes the practised consumer of her own quills.

To a certain extent the increased quality of professional dancing has affected ball-room dancing, much as professional football has bred onlookers rather than players. A Pavlova or a Leginsky induces unconsciously a certain scorn in man and maid for the low level of each other's performances, which is not compensated for by the modern facilities for putting any arm round any waist or back. But this hardly accounts for the lack of enthusiasm for what is really a stimulating form of exercise. The truth is, dancing has become dull—deadly dull—and that its only genuine virtues are ingenious debauches or those who can count with some certainty upon dancing the whole evening with one special person. And when he or she happens to be tired, cross, out of looks, or pre-occupied, there is nothing upon which to fall back. To the girl—or, perhaps, to her mother—the ball-room still has the charm of providing an opportunity for looking one's best, and—erroneously, since the dancing girl notoriously does not readily marry—of furthering matrimonial prospects. But to the young man who does not make wife-seeking his chief interest, and who, if he did, probably

could not keep a wife for several years to come, the lack of variety in actual dancing makes flirtation the only incentive to dance. There are too many dances nowadays on sumptuously subscription and hotel lines. Supper is good, girls are pretty, sitting-out places ideal—only there is no dancing worthy of the name. The dancing man is become a feeder, who will only go where he is certain of the right brand of champagne. In default of any other occasion for distinguishing himself, he attends to his patlid complexion, treats his waist, and powders his nose. Beautiful and manicured, he is no longer a suppliant, but confers upon a girl the privilege of dancing with her. Bound to look a fool, he insists, on the principle of the fatless fox, that fools are the salt of the earth, thus incidentally becoming an object-lesson to his more virile brothers, who prefer "John Peel" to "Salome."

The monotony of the modern dance-programme seems to have reached its lowest point, and bids fair to extinguish the waltz altogether. Formerly the conventions and exactions of the quadrille or the lancers made the waltz a rather dashing thing—something to look forward to at intervals in the evening. Further back still, the minuet or the pavane offered real opportunities of distinction, and a man felt himself an oaf if he could not tread a measure, rather than a fool if he could and did. The trousered leg is, of course, a disadvantage to the leaping of the more elegant dances, but it is a disadvantage which knee-breeches would soon overcome, offering at the same time a worthy scope for the shapely calf.

The modern ball-room is suffering chiefly from sheer lack of conventions. At present the one convention is the sticking out of your elbows as high and as far as possible—the sort of attitude which makes it possible to shake hands just under your chin. Flopping across your partner, your only duty is to slide or barge about with as little rhythm as possible. To do this and keep in countenance is beyond the average young man; hence the difficulty of private dances and the general decadence of all the others; hence, also, the decline of the ball-room as a stall in the marriage market. A revival of chaperonage, with its suggestion that girls are not to be secured as partners merely for the asking, the revival of dancing as opposed to indulging, and the discouragement of the all-and-sundry element of the subscription dance might do something towards raising the standard of dancing and of restoring it to the exciting and delightful pastime it used to be.—London Truth.

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### THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

The delicate and difficult position of the British Ambassador at Washington has just been described in a London contemporary by the well-known writer, Sydney Brooks.

"Washington," writes Mr. Brooks, "is a huge whispering

gallery, and the British Ambassador must accommodate himself to the fact that the duties of his office—its social as well as its political duties—are carried on in a glare of publicity that in Europe is not merely unknown but unimaginable.

"He must remember that there is always, even in these comparatively halcyon days, an anti-Brit-

ish section in the United States, prompt to misrepresent him and to profit by his mistakes.

"He must know how to take Americans in the broad human way they like, when to make allowances and what to discount.

"He must, above all, thoroughly understand the intricacies of the American system of govern-

ment, which are such that the relations between an Ambassador and an individual Senator or the Speaker of the House of Representatives or a seemingly obscure Congressman are often of more political importance than his relations with the President or the Secretary of State."

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# THE INVESTOR

A good flow of natural gas has been obtained in Wetaskiwin after two years of drilling. The various strikes that have been made all through this part of the province must indicate that it is underlaid with considerable quantities of gas and that all that is necessary is the carrying on of drilling operations on a more extensive scale to turn the supply to economic uses.

One of the C.P.R. lines projected for next year is from Sedgwick south. There is little doubt that the company intends this to be a place of considerable importance on its system. All its maps show the cut-off to Strathcona starting there.

Two steamers that have been doing service for the G.T.P. contractors on the Skeena River have been taken apart and were shipped at the first of the week from Vancouver to Edmonton. They will be taken out to Tete Jaune Cache, rebuilt, and then used next summer between that point and Fort George on the Fraser River, placing Edmonton in direct communication with the centre of Northern British Columbia and opening up its immense trade possibilities. As a Vancouver despatch says, the day of toting supplies in along the Cariboo trail is over.

Mr. Duncan Ross ex-M.P. stated in Vancouver last week, after a trip in from Prince Rupert, along the G.T.P., on which he has a contract, that that part of the transcontinental will be completed 300 miles into the interior by October next. Less than two years, he declared, would elapse before the men working west from Tete Jaune Cache would meet the coast gang.

Mr. J. W. Stewart, the well-known G.T.P. contractor, has been seriously ill in Spokane and was obliged to delay his contemplated Old Country trip.

The projectors of the Bank of Calgary include Mayor Mitchell, T. J. S. Skinner, A. Steinbrecker, Commissioner Clarke, Dr. Lindsay, S. F. Beveridge, C. T. McAllister, J. E. Rice, W. J. Hurst, R. J. Hutchings, J. M. Brayley and C. A. Ennis, secretary.

It is a very healthy looking paving programme that the councils of Edmonton and Strathcona have proposed for the coming year, 130,000 yards in the latter and 120,000 in the former portion of the Greater City.

The bank clearings for the two leading Alberta cities continue to show phenomenal growth. Edmonton each week stands about where Calgary did a year ago. Edmonton is regularly in seventh place in the Dominion, being ahead practically every week of Quebec, Victoria and Hamilton, while it is nip and tuck between Calgary and Ottawa for fifth.

Canadian Pacific officials at Montreal say that

the ebb of the immigration tide is far later this year than usual. Immigrants from the Eastern States, as well as from the Western, and hundreds from Great Britain and Europe are still pouring into the country.

The Edmonton Board of Trade has passed a resolution asking for legislation having in view the prevention of real estate wildcatting. It is proposed that in the publishing of plans of a subdivision a key plan be necessary showing the distance from the centre of the city and that it be made a criminal offence to publish misleading statements or inferences.

That some such measures are necessary few will deny, though legal regulations will never make up for the exercise of ordinary business precaution on the part of the investor. It is not a difficult matter to get the required information about a property and no one but a fool will buy a pig in a poke where real estate or anything else is concerned.

The purchase of the business of the Somerville Hardware Co. by the Marshall Wells Co., which has large houses for both wholesale and retail trade in Duluth, Portland, Spokane and Winnipeg, was the event of last week in commercial circles in Edmonton. Mr. John Somerville and his sons have built up a fine establishment for their successors to take over. They were the pioneers on First street. When between three and four years ago they built their present premises, it was considered by many that they were making a foolish move in getting so far away from the main thoroughfare. But other business followed them immediately and they are now right in the heart of things.

Those who are interested in real estate values in their own cities are always anxious to get information, for purposes of comparison, respecting prices in cities that have attained to the position which they expect their home towns to occupy in the not very distant future. The comparison between Toronto and Edmonton prices which the financial editor of the Montreal Herald made, after the recent trip through the west, was discussed at some length on this page of The Saturday News. In the Toronto World an article signed "Vendor" appeared last week, which helps to elucidate some points then raised. It presents so many facts that are well worth knowing that the greater part of it is reproduced here. "Vendor" writes as follows:

"You ask about real estate in Toronto. I will try in my own way to set out the facts.

"Let me begin by saying how active real estate is in our cities that are in or within the pull of the Canadian west. Montreal is as active as Toronto—the two of them more active even than Winnipeg. Vancouver has seen a mighty spurt and is taking stock. Half the towns of the west feel the stimulus and are laying out more lots. Calgary has a hum.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Forbes Taylor Co.

Contractors

233 Jasper W.

La  
Chic  
Corsets

Special delivery of  
New Styles.

Unequalled for comfort  
and durability.

In Algeria the horses outnumber the human beings; in Venice it is the other way about.

## GIFTS FOR MEN

Although our trade this season has practically doubled any previous year, our stock is well assorted. Large ranges of Neckwear, Lounging Robes, Scarfs, Club Bags, in fact everything to please a man.

Stanley & Jackson  
WINDSOR BLOCK

## Seasonable Suggestions

A Bottle of fine old Port

A Bottle of Good Sherry

A Bottle of 50 year old Brandy

A Bottle of 25 year old Scotch

Or any of the Myriad of good things we have which are appropriate at this festive season.

Edmonton Wine & Spirit Co.  
Phone 1911 246 Jasper Ave. E.

## Christmas Shopping News from the Gift Store

MANY WOMEN ARE CHOOSING UNDERSKIRTS AS GIFTS—THEY'RE WISE.

WE say they are wise because women know how nice it is to have an ample supply of these garments and furthermore, it's not so difficult to gauge the size, and you're almost sure of a fit.

AT \$1.25.

A splendid quality black sateen Underskirt, with red flannel lining, deep flounce trimmed with two small gathered frills and dust ruffle. Lengths 38 to 42.

AT \$1.60.

A well tailored Underskirt of Heatherbloom, in the famous "Form Fit" style; has deep flounce trimmed with pin tuckings and shirring finished, with dust ruffle. Lengths 38 to 42. All colors.

AT \$3.25.

Beautifully tailored Underskirt of "Kaybrotaf," the latest development in Underskirt fabrics; made of cotton and linen, having the rustle of silk. Made in "Form Fit" style. All colors. Lengths 38 to 42.

AT \$4.75.

A very high grade Underskirt of soft plau de soi silk; made in the "Form Fit" style, with deep flounce; trimmed with strappings and pipings; black only. Lengths 38 to 42.

Fancy Goods Notes of Interest to Early Gift Seekers.

Just a few of the very many useful articles included in our selection of fancy goods for the Christmas trade.

MOTOR SCARFS AT \$1.50 AND \$2.00.

Women's Motor Scarfs, made of silk, in a novelty double weave; finished with fringe ends; assorted colors and sizes. Prices \$1.50 and \$2.00.

TEA COSY FORMS, 50c.

An extra good quality, well shaped, and well filled with Russian down; good size. Special, 50c.

SCARF TIES, 50c TO 75c.

Beautiful, gorgeous, Dresden Silk and Satin Scarf ties, with fringe or bordered ends. Assorted colors. Prices 50c, 60c, and 75c.

KIMONA SQUARES, \$3.50 TO \$5.00.

A genuine Christmas article for making up into Kimonas and Dressing Jackets; made of Austrian Silk Satin, or Amazon cloths, in dainty Oriental designs. Prices \$3.50 to \$5.00.

W. JOHNSTONE WALKER & CO.  
JASPER AVE. EAST EDMONTON

OUR SINCERE WISH THAT  
CHRISTMAS MAY BRING YOU GOOD CHEER,  
AND THE NEW YEAR  
OFFER NAUGHT BUT PROSPERITY.

HARDISTY'S

The Distinctive Drug Store

Maclean Block, Corner Jasper Ave. and Seventh St.  
Phone 4813.

Yule-Tide Greetings  
from . .

La Fleche Bros.  
"Always Reliable."



As only a few hours  
separate us from  
Christmas Day, we  
take this opportunity  
of wishing all our  
patrons a very  
Merry Christmas.



# The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 2.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Home and Society

Fortunately for most of us, the majority of parties given, and entertaining done this week have been for the babies, thus leaving the rest of us time to tie up belated Christmas bundles and scrawl the dozen letters that should have been written and off a week ago.

With Christmas Day the social ball will be given another big send-off, and from that on, if present indications keep up, we shall be in the midst of another wild scrimmage.

The dinners on for Monday next are legion. Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Scoble, Madame Thibaudau and Mrs. W. E. Lines, will all entertain large parties.

This Friday Mrs. Wallbridge's dance in the Separate School hall is the big event of the week.

On the 28th, the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, give their annual and much-looked-forward to Bal Poudre, and on the 29th, we are to have the world-renowned De Pachmann at the Empire Theatre.

Last Friday Mrs. Hislop had a beautiful Christmas party for her wee daughter, Inga, when about twenty-five little boys and girls, dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, sat down to a scrumptious feast, place-cards if you please, and all the rest of it, and later danced about a Christmas tree, laden with gifts, and groaning with bags of home-made sweets and other Christmas cheer that every child is.

There were dozens of doll babies all dressed by the energetic and very artistic young hostess, and a prettier sight than those dear babies, grasping their treasures, and their proud mammas, and the tree, and the hostess and her sweet young assistant—a picture in a soft little white French frock—it would be hard to imagine.

Mrs. Horace Harvey and Mrs. Forin looked after the grown-ups; and I noticed Miss Forin, making great love to the babies.

There was only one thing lacking to make it a perfect party, "Ollie," the always hospitable young host, was off to Winnipeg to see his grandfather, and so missed the happy annual gathering.

On Saturday practically all the same babies foregathered at Betty and Fred Pardee's Christmas tree, and romped and discussed Santa Claus' prospects, and "hoped they would get dolls or horses" and were as excited and beautiful as a party invariably makes them.

And the ones who wept a year ago, were quite grown-up this, and entered into all the fun and spirit of the party just as heartily as anyone could wish.

Fred Pardee is already one of the beaux of the younger set, and did his duties as host in the most approved fashion.

Betty is a wonderfully tall and striking-looking girl, and will some day make some of the hearts of the young gallants of Saturday, aye, or I am much mistaken.

Some said that the great big "Santy" who distributed such lovely gifts, "looked like Fred's grandfather," but don't you believe it. Santa is a chameleon who takes on the appearance of everyone's relatives.

Thursday some boys and girls I know, are going over to the river to the little marriot's tree, and Friday, Cecil Nightingale is having "some of her friends" to her tree, so you and I are out of it, and the season of the Little Child, and the children the celebrants.

I am sick of writing up big people's parties. They shouldn't have them at such a busy time. I've struck for this week, and I'm sure if they did appear, you wouldn't have time to read about them.

All the boys and girls who could come such a distance, are home from their schools and colleges. Over the river, each day finds the trains crowded with out-going and in-coming holidayers. Joy reigns as supreme as it ever can on a world brimming over with joy and sorrow. Merry Christmas.

The Musical Club was very fortunate in its programme last Saturday afternoon, when a delightful recital was given by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beaufort and Miss Edith Houlbrook, L.R.A.M. All three are connected with the Columbian Conservatory of Music, recently established here, and are most valuable acquisitions to the musical fraternity. Miss Houlbrook's rendition of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy" was a most artistic effort, while Mrs. Beaufort's McDowell number was exceedingly well done. That beautiful suite of songs by Amy Woodforde-Plinden, entitled "A Lover in Damascus," was admirably given by Mr. Beaufort. —PEGGY.

## Music and Drama

The composer of the popular "Chocolate Soldier," Oscar Straus, after many failures, has at last completed an opera which promises to rival his other successes in popular favor. The new opera is called "Die Kleine Freundin" ("The Little Friends.") The libretto is not spoken of very highly but the music is said to have the same joyous rhythms that have made Strauss' other works popular.

The Lethbridge Herald says:

"It now seems assured that the first annual Lethbridge Musical Festival will be inaugurated next year in this city. The matter was brought before the City Council the other day, and has been referred to the Board of Trade, which body will appoint a committee, who will set matters in motion. It must be distinctly understood, however, that this proposed festival is not one which will feature rag time entertainments or cat yells. Nothing of this nature will be tolerated. On the contrary, the idea of the musical festival is to foster and develop the musical life of Lethbridge and its neighbors throughout the province of Alberta. The festival will be a competitive one, in which choirs, solo voices, violin and piano students will compete. Every musical organization in the province will be invited to compete. The festival may last two or three days, but everything will depend on the number of entries to be received. I hope later to be in a position to give more definite and detailed information concerning the Lethbridge Musical Festival of 1912. It is to be hoped sincerely that every musical enthusiast will give the matter as much publicity as possible. With the co-operation of the mayor and city council and the Board of Trade, I have the greatest confidence in the success of the Festival."

What the Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury has to say of De Pachmann, who appears at the Empire Theatre one night, Friday, December 29:

"Something in the way of a departure marked last night's Harrison's concert at the Philharmonic Hall. But the artistic monopolist, was none other than M. Vladimir de Pachmann, whose popularity amongst concert goers is nowadays so pronounced. No doubt Pachmann's distinctive personality is largely responsible for the manner in which he sustains the interest of his audience through a lengthy program, but quite apart from his eloquent demonstrations it is possible to extract a maximum measure of enjoyment from Pachmann's playing on the score of sheer musicianly merit. The distinguished pianist had an overwhelmingly cordial reception and demonstrative applause greeted each of his contributions. The real spirit of the composer animated all of Pachmann's efforts, and it was a revelation to observe how, even in the most intricate passages, each note was accorded its due value both as to tone and tempo. The whole of this portion of the recital was a delightful exposition of musical poetry and intelligence at its best."

The attraction which is causing considerable interest in the forthcoming engagement of Wests Minstrels at the Empire theatre on Xmas day.

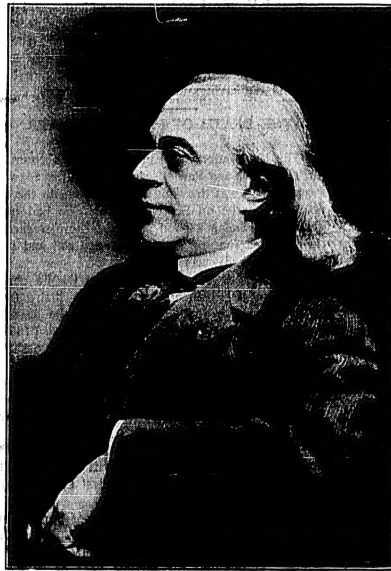
This class of entertainment is always popular with a large majority of the people of Edmonton, or in fact any other place, for it generally affords a few hours of innocent amusement interspersed with lively songs, dances and music that relaxes the tired worker.

Wests company has a record of thirty-seven years of success which is a very good argument in its favor. It is billed as one of the greatest of its kind, comprising the best singing and dancing and musical talent in the minstrel business. Every musical number is promised to be a real feature. In the first part is promised a magnificent spectacular scenic effect with weird and beautiful light effects totally different from all others.

The company comprises of twenty-five singers, dancers, comedians and musicians.

### INSTALLING AUTO AMBULANCE.

Edmonton is to have an auto ambulance. J. H. McKinley, of the undertaking firm of Connolly and McKinley, left last week for Chicago and Detroit to make the purchase. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000. For carrying the sick and injured the modern auto ambulance is far superior to the horse drawn ambulance wagon as there is an almost entire absence of jarring and changing speed. The new ambulance will be installed and in use in the course of two months' time.



VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

Pianist, appearing at The Empire Theatre, Friday, December 29.

### A CHRISTMAS VAMPIRE

(By Carolyn Wells)

A Fool there was, and he made a gift,  
(Even as you or I)  
He bought it with taste and care and thrift  
(For a lady his friends thought rather swift)  
And when he gave it, the lady sniffed,  
(Even as you or I).

Oh, the judgment and taste and time we waste  
On the gifts at Christmastide,  
Which we give to the lady who isn't pleased  
(And now we know she could never be pleased  
And never satisfied).

A fool there was, and he gave his cheque  
(Even as you or I)  
For a necklace of pearls without a fleck,  
(And it didn't the least suit the lady's neck)  
And she never thanked him a single speck,  
(Even as you or I).

Oh, the think we lose, and the think we lose,  
On the things we buy with pride  
To give to the lady who never is pleased  
(And now we know she can never be pleased  
And never be satisfied).

The fool was fleeced so his last red cent,  
(Even as you or I).  
She threw him aside when his gold was spent,  
(And nobody cared where the lady went)  
And the fool gave away a loud lament,  
(Even as you or I).

And it wasn't the loss, and it wasn't the dross,  
The reason that same fool cried;  
It was coming to know that she never was pleased  
(Seeing at last she could never be pleased  
And never be satisfied).

### JASPER'S NOTE BOOK.

(Continued from Page One.)

corner without even being thanked by the owner for his action. Such an act is usually one of genuine heroism. "Who can tell what a toll of life a runaway horse will take if he is allowed to go ahead without anyone stepping into the breach. But was this young Scotchman in his circumstances justified in assuming the risk which the performance of this public duty involved?

### CHRISTMAS WITH DICKENS

"Kit," in December Canada Monthly

When the mighty Spirit of Christmas descends to the earth he carries tucked under his vast wing the spirit of Charles Dickens—that bright and great and cheery spirit who made Christmas twice the merry feast it is. No one will deny that a certain warmth glows in the heart at Christmas time—a delightful feeling of affection towards all humanity, of motherly love, of human interest in the very poorest brother of them all; there is, in fact, a feeling of light-heartedness abroad, a royal, a generous feeling as though we would snap a merry finger at all the year behind and that to come, and care not a jot what it brought us one way or the other.

It is good and wholesome and wise to spend an old-time Christmas with Dickens if only to make us forget the modern mercenary spirit which has crept into the grand old feast. And how many sorts of Christmases you can spend with him!

Walk right up, my masters, and take your choice.

Will you have it with surly old Gabriel Grub in the churchyard under the light of that very young moon who was more than half afraid to shed a ray of her pale light on anything so unChristmas-like as an unfinished grave? Sour enough was old Gabriel as he sat on a tomb stone and made a joke of a coffin as a Christmas box as he drank deep from his wicker bottle. But Gabriel was not "watching out" so the "Gobblins" got him. You remember him, that terrible little Goblin that suddenly popped up from somewhere, with the long legs and the short body, and the inquisitive nose that smelled out Gabriel's bottle and wanted to know what was inside it. But what of it when the Goblin with a fearful laugh which made old Gabriel's last few hairs stand up straight upon his head and set his old teeth chattering in their sockets, ordered Gabriel to be held by the throat by a smaller goblin while another—small, but vicious—poured down the old sexton's throat such a draught of flame-like liquid as made him gasp again as he wiped the tears from his eyes!

A Christmas draught that to make the Devil himself chuckle.

Nextdoor: Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I haven't heard her lately.

Naybor: Since the children came she has had no time.

Nextdoor: Ah, children are such a blessing.

## New Year Gifts :

You will be able to get your photos taken here on Xmas Day. We guarantee to deliver them on the 30th. With our new "Carbonium Light" we can photograph you any time of day, or in the evening.

Phone 5075 for appointment

**Roger's Studio**  
219 Jasper Ave. W.  
Opp. Presbyterian Church

## CHAPMAN'S

Show Cards and Signs  
make Window Displays  
Effective and Trade  
Producing

New Bldg on First St. Phone 4661

Real Estate, Window Display and  
Street Car Signs a Specialty



## Tenders for Supplies

Sealed tenders addressed to the Provincial Secretary, and endorsed, "Tenders for Supplies," will be received at the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, up to noon of Saturday the 30th day of December next, for the supply and delivery of groceries, flour, oatmeal, etc., at the Provincial Gaol, Lethbridge; and The Hospital for the Insane, Ponoka, for, and during the year 1912, commencing on the first day of January next.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank for five per cent. of the amount of the tender made payable to the order of the Provincial Secretary, which will be forfeited to the Government of Alberta in case the successful tenderer refuses or neglects to enter into contract, or when entered in fails to carry out the provisions thereof.

Specifications may be seen, approximate quantities given, and form of tender supplied upon application to the Bursar of the above institutions, or to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Edmonton.

The lowest or any ten per cent not necessarily accepted.

E. TROWBRIDGE,  
Deputy Provincial Secretary.  
Edmonton, December 18, 1911.

## AN INCIDENT IN ZANGWILL'S LIFE

The life of Zangwill, the novelist, is quite a wonderful as that of Dr. Samuel Johnson or of Oliver Goldsmith. He was born in London in 1864, the son of poor Russian Jews. He spent his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth. A terrible experience befell him when he was very young. He says:

"When I was seven weeks old and resident in the godly city of Bristol, my mother (who is, of course, the authority for the story) was induced to entrust me for a day to the care of a Christian nursemaid—an uneducated girl of sixteen—but, becoming uneasy, she returned unexpectedly to inquire after me. She found the girl playing in the street, and was assured I was asleep but, insisting on entering the house, she found me screaming in my cradle, my face black, and my mouth full of blood. The girl confessed finally that in revenge for the death of Christ, she had with pins pricked a bloody sign of the cross on my tongue." The dramatic climax of the story is that it was the Day of Atonement, and it was to enable the mother to send the div in synagogue that the baby was left in charge of another.

# THE INVESTOR

(Continued from Page Eight.)

In Ontario, Hamilton and Ottawa have made steady and most satisfactory development. Hamilton has been the slowest city of them all to move, but those who had the courage to go in there have reaped the profit. So that real estate has made a lot of money for a lot of people. Has it tied up a lot of people? That is another question.

"Let us come back to Toronto. There has been all this year and last year a deal of buying in the city, in the Township of York, in Scarborough along the front, in Etobicoke and clear along the lake front past Oakville. Prices are bounding. But not less surprising has been the rise and the activity in the city itself and in its very centre. The best property is on Yonge street downtown and on King, near Yonge. This has gone in less than ten years from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a foot. All of us recall \$2,000 a foot as the maximum price, and \$1,000 a foot near Queen and Yonge was a novelty that was talked about. That is, our choice central property is now selling at \$10,000 a foot and the end does not seem to be in sight; and not only has Yonge street property and King street property near Yonge gone up but the same thing has happened in the whole of Toronto. Probably the most valuable corner today in the whole of Toronto is Richmond and Yonge, which is two blocks away from King and Yonge, and as a consequence, Adelaide street, Richmond street, Victoria street, Bay street, Queen street and side streets off Yonge have had remarkable advances. Property on Richmond street and on Bay street and on Adelaide street, to a large extent, is in the three or four thousand dollar class.

But this advance is not confined even to the centre of the city. When you begin to get out either to the west or to the east, you find these advancing prices. Look at College street, look at Carlton street, look at upper Church street, look at Bloor street and you find rising and rising values, and the same on Dundas street all through the Junction; and then going eastward, take the new settlement at the head of Broadview, and take Queen street, Gerrard street East and East Toronto and you find a great advance in real estate, especially what has a business prospect in it.

The sum and substance of the real estate situation is that a great deal of property has quadrupled in five years. Take an exaggerated case, that of the building containing the Grand Trunk offices at the corner of King and Yonge. It sold for half a million dollars two years ago; they want three-quarters of a million now for it and they will get it.

Every big building in the centre of the town that has been put up and divided into offices rents immediately. Look what the new banks have brought; what the Kent Building has brought; look at the rental of the Lumsden Building and so it goes on.

But there has been a lot of speculation, say some critics, especially just outside Toronto. Too many farms have been bought, they say, and subdivided, and enough lots have been laid out now to last Toronto for the next ten years. There is something in this criticism probably, and probably the time has been reached when there should be a halt; but who can cry halt if men are willing to buy? It all depends on what the financial standing is of those who are buying. To call the men who are buying property in the outskirts and laying out residential sites "real estate speculators" is not quite justified. There always have been land speculators, men who went ahead and subdivided property and made money out of it; but it is a straight business proposition. The one thing to see is that people do not suffer. Now if people wish to put in their own money they ought to be free to do it and as a general thing—contrary to the boom of twenty years ago—the people who are making these expensive purchases in the Township of York are possessed of considerable means—and if a quiet time comes they will have to abide it.

But before we condemn this subdivision of property let us see who are going in. First of all there is a lot of outside money coming into Toronto to the neighborhood of Toronto for investment. There is a lot of English money being placed in real estate in the Township of York and the City of Toronto. Every dollar of that adds to the available capital of the city. Men have made money out of real estate in Toronto and have put it all back again and that money remains in the country and this is going on all the time—advancing prices and the laying out of real estate, and any amount of British money has been brought here for mortgage purposes in order to build up the city. There is some reason for the remarkable growth of Toronto and Montreal and our western cities and it is that our new country has increased the business of the cities and therefore cities have grown, and as they grew immense sums of outside money have been brought into the country secured by real estate and the savings of the people.

## THE DEATH OF PARNELL'S SISTER.

The Londonderry Sentinel prints an account of the death of Anna Parnell, sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, who was drowned while bathing in the sea near Ilfracombe on September 25. She had been warned, but being a good swimmer she disregarded the high sea running and was carried out and perished. The body was recovered.

This strange woman (writes the Dublin correspondent of the Manchester Guardian) had a fund of energy which found no outlet till the days of the Land League. When that was started (1879) she and her sister Fanny, then in New York, set about organizing relief funds for the sufferers in Ireland. They worked ten hours a day with unsparing zeal, and Fanny brought on the breakdown, which, leading to consumption, killed her at the age of 28, two years later.

It was Fanny who founded the Ladies' Land League in America in 1880. Davitt early in 1881 suggested the formation of a Ladies' Land League in Ireland.

In spite of the strong opposition of Parnell and others, Davitt carried his point, and Anna was commissioned to found and organize the new league. Throughout the terrible year of its existence the Ladies' Land League absorbed all the energies of Anna Parnell. She was indefatigable in travelling, addressing meetings, attending evictions, erecting relief huts and distributing relief funds. Her eloquence was heard in all parts of the country. She was the best speaker of the family, as Fanny was its best writer. The Ladies' Land League became a great power. It disbursed about \$300,000 in relief funds during its brief existence.

When the male leaders were imprisoned and the Land League suppressed, the Ladies' Land League took up the work, and it was the women who really beat Foster. As a reward for this victory, Parnell suppressed the Ladies' Land League himself as soon as he came out of prison, ostensibly because they spent too much money, but really because the women would not compromise, and compromise in the shape of the Kilmainham "treaty" was the note of the hour. Anna Parnell never forgave her brother this blow.

The rest of her life was spent quietly, though occasionally she made incursions into politics at moments of crisis by trenchant letters to the Irish press. To the Daughters of Erin, Dublin, she delivered in 1907 a lecture on the Ladies' Land League, which was a synopsis of the charges she makes in her book against all concerned in the movement. The lecture was a remarkable effort. It began at 8 o'clock and continued—Miss Parnell speaking in a low, easy voice and without a note—till a quarter to 11, and even then she was pulled up by the chairman, as her fluency showed no signs of abatement.

The story of the Parnells recalls the fated families of Greek tragedy. Fanny died of consumption in 1882; Charles died, deserted and broken-hearted, in 1891; their mother was killed by the shock of a burning accident at a great age a few years later, and now Anna has been drowned, nameless and unknown, at an English watering place, with her fate entirely unnoticed by the Irish people.

The survival of the Jewish people and of the Roman Papacy are advanced in the Catholic Month by a layman as stubborn facts in the history of the world to be commended to all those who doubt the authority of Christ and of His (Catholic) Church.



## Wishing Everybody Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

R. Lot 12, 14, Kinistino Ave., Blk. 5; two lots, \$6,000; 1/2 cash.

R. Lot 14, Syndicate Ave., Blk. 21, \$2,100; third cash.

Garneau, Blk. 181; two lots, \$2,940; \$1,515 cash.

Westmount, Blk. 7, 50x220 ft., \$1,000; third, 6, 12, 18 mos.

Norwood, Blk. 35, \$800; half cash.

Norwood Extension; two lots, Blk. 4, \$1,650 for 2 lots, \$850 cash.

Norwood Extension, Blk. 2, Namaya Ave., \$1,100; \$700 cash.

Norwood Boulevard, 2 lots, Blk. 40, \$10,000; \$5,000 cash, 9, 18, 24 months.

Glenora, Blk. 37; \$750; half cash, 6, 12, 18 months.

New Glenora, Blk. 120, \$3500, \$1,500 cash, 6 and 18 mos.

Parkdale, Blk. 21, \$375; third cash.

Parkdale, Blk. 109, \$350; \$125 cash.

Victoria Park; two lots, Blk. 1, \$650; \$300 cash.

Cromdale, 10 lots, Blk. 15; \$450 each; third cash.

Delton, Blk. 39, \$250; half cash.

Delton, Blk. 43, two lots, \$500, \$200 cash.

H.B.R., Blk. 14, corner lot, \$1800; terms. This is a good buy.

H.B.R., Blk. 15, 2 lots, \$3200; \$1934 cash; 1, 2, 3 years.

H.B.R., Blk. 7, \$2400; \$1100 cash.

Groat, Blk. 48, \$1700; \$700 cash.

Groat, Blk. 45, \$1600; half cash.

Groat, Fully modern house, Blk. 43; decorations and fittings of the best. Ready for occupation, \$5,000; \$2,000 cash.

Inglewood, Two lots, Blk. 21, \$157; each; half cash; 24th St.

Inglewood, Double corner, Blk. 43; \$2800; \$1550 cash, balance over 5 years.

Inglewood, Blk. 51, \$1250; half cash.

Some splendid trackage bargains.

Have fine sub-division properties close in.

Some ready-made farms, close to city.

## F. FRASER TIMS

220 McDougall Ave. Phone 4285 Edmonton, Alta.

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## C.H.I.C. DAILY MEMORANDUM

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## WE LOAN MONEY

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# 5 Per Cent

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See Our Plan  
Write, Phone or Call

The Canadian Home Investment Co.  
300-302 MacKay & Ryder Block, Phone 2915  
EDMONTON, ALTA.

(Opposite King Edward Hotel on First St.)  
Home Office, Pacific Building, Vancouver, B.C.

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on easy terms, Monthly Payments. Lots for Sale in growing parts of the city, good investment, easy terms.

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W. B. Sherman, Mgr.

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3 Days Commencing Christmas Matinee and Night  
For the First Time in Western Canada  
Wm. H. West's Big Jubilee

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25—CLEVER SINGING AND DANCING ARTISTS—25

Band and Orchestra.

The real old Darkey melodies Magnificently Sung, With Perfect Accompaniment.

Closing with the funniest farce ever written,  
"Uncle Ephs Dream."

PRICES—\$1.00, 75c, 50c.

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## SPECIAL MUSICAL —ATTRACTION—

ONE NIGHT ONLY—

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Renowned Pianist

PRICES—\$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00. Plan for the seats now open.

New Scale Williams used for this engagement.

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Whether you are buying the least expensive piece of Jewelry or the most costly, you may select and purchase it with the same confidence.

Quality and Value is paramount, and the goods speak for themselves.

An inspection of the many beautiful conceits will offer a wealth of suggestions for Christmas-giving. Our extensive importations have been much talked of among our patrons. They comprise: Crown Derby China, Hand Painted China, Bronzes, Diamond Pendants, Diamond Necklets, Platinum Rings and Necklets, Diamond Set Lockets, Chains, Leather Goods, Art Pottery, Sterling Silver Tea Sets, Brass Jardiniers and Fern Diabes.

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Leading Jewelers and Silversmiths

TWO STORES—

237 Jasper Avenue East 303 Jasper, corner Queens Avenue

## When Music Enters The Home Sorrow Goes Out

This may appear strange at first sight, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

A PIANO, played by your youngest child, even, who is merely learning, will serve to interest and amuse you.

Now, we have already sold hundreds of PIANOS to farmers throughout the country, and on Saturday the 9th will receive a full carload of beautiful instruments, rich, mellow-toned pianos, elegantly made in attractive case designs, and at prices that will appeal to you. Why not call into the City and hear them played—it will cost nothing.

From . . . \$275 to \$350  
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## Banford Piano & Organ Co.

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# J. A. McNeil 234 JASPER AVE. W.

Edmonton's Leading Cigar and Tobacco Store

The Home of Christmas Supplies for Smokers



MR. J. A. McNEIL, Prop.

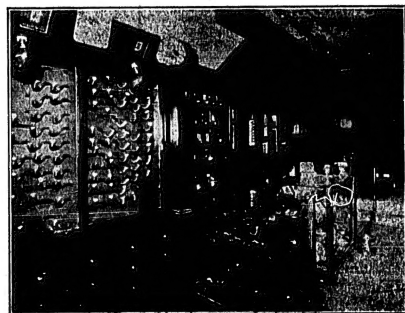


L. E. POULIN, Pipe Department



L. A. McNEIL, Mgr. Retail Dept.

LADIES.—A special invitation is extended to the ladies to make their Christmas purchases here. You will find us useful in assisting you to make your selection. We, in all probability, know the friend's or husband's favorite cigars or tobaccos, and will spare no effort in making shopping here a pleasure.



Interior View of our Retail Store, 243 Jasper Ave., W.

## Pipes at 25c to \$25

A splendid gift pipe—Choice amber mouth-piece, in neat morocco case, every shape. Special at \$2.00.

Smokers' Sets, consisting of tray with tobacco jar, cigar holder and match holder, from \$1.00 up.

Cigar Cases from 25c up. Ash Trays 50c up.

Cigars in fancy Christmas boxes, 10, 25, 50 and 100 in a box from \$1.00 up to \$15.00 per box.

Standard and Imported Cut Smoking Tobaccos in ¼, ½, 1 and 2 lb. tins at lowest prices.

**Notice to Dealers** Commencing January 1st, 1912, we will open up a Wholesale Cigar and Tobacco Warehouse here in Edmonton, and will be prepared to fill all orders for standard lines at shortest notice. Write for our price lists. Our large buying facilities will enable us to quote you some very interesting prices.

## FIRE INSURANCE

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Kidney, Bladder and Gall Stone diseases cured, stones removed; no pain, no operation. Information free.

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The mineral tungsten (the name meaning heavy stone) has been known for many years, but only comparatively recently has it become of economic importance. The most important use, according to Frank L. Hess, of the United States Geological Survey, and the one which makes tungsten mining on an extensive scale possible, is as an alloy for tool steel. Lathes using steel made from tungsten steel may be speeded up until the chips leaving the tool are so hot that it turns blue, an operation which would ruin the temper of high-carbon steel. It is stated that above five times as much can be done with lathes built for such speed and work as can be done by the same lathes with carbon-steel tools. From 16 to 20 per cent. of tungsten is ordinarily used in lathe tools. The melting point of tungsten is exceedingly high—5,770 degrees F. Tungsten also has an important use in making incandescent electric lamps, and in other articles.